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Within the Tall Grasses

Within the tall grasses
Stalks the wild animal.
Each muscle tense,
Every nerve ready for action.
The cat craves fresh meat.
She crouches low
Beneath the tall grasses
And stalks her prey.
Timid, small and helpless,
Her victim comes, unaware
Of its certain death.
She prepares for the attack;
Ears laid back, eyes narrow,
Her hind legs already rising,
She springs for the neck!
A barely audible crack,
And the animal is dead.
Proud of her ability,
She carries her victim to
A quieter area.
She slowly drops it on
Dry leaves and begins her feast,
When a back door opens,
A voice calls, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!"
And the calico cat runs joyously
To her owner, carrying her squirrel like a trophy.

Tammy Smith



Cruel Talons

Ernest Hemingway is known throughout the world for his novels and short stories. He himself lived a colorful life, and his works never strayed far from it. This was the case in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." He used characters to portray the type of people he liked and those for whom he had no stomach. In this story he has done an exceptional job in portraying Margot Macomber as a hard nosed, uncaring American woman.

Margot's appearance is impeccable. Even in the middle of a wild safari she manages to be beautiful. She has a well-kept beauty that enchances her social status but covers up her true personality. Her face, perfectly oval, is almost childlike, but no one should make the mistake of believing her stupid. To Wilson she seems pretty rather than beautiful. She wears her dark hair drawn back off her forehead and in a low knot on her neck. She looks fresh enough to be in New York. Underneath this facade, though, lies a dangerously cruel woman.

Margot enjoys making a fool of Francis. She does so with such gusto that everyone sees it. An example of her obvious cruelty is her stating she is going to go hunting with them because she does not want to miss Francis playing the coward. She loves to see Francis squirm when she pulls the strings and shoots him down with low blows. Margot does accompany them and witness the death of a mighty lion. Even here she uses the occasion to gouge her husband. She leans over and kisses the red-faced Wilson full on the mouth. Her invitation is obvious, and she does not falter to carry it out. Margot sleeps in Wilson's tent and returns to her own bed late. She makes no attempt to cover her tracks, but baits Francis further. All the time she is pushing Francis around, she is unknowingly setting the scene for him. He cannot always stay a coward, but Margot cannot see that.

Eventually Margot pushes Francis too far and realizes it too late. Through the anger and hatred she has instilled, he pulls off a great shot on a buffalo hunt. Wilson is full of praise, and Francis feels a wild, unreasonable joy. He is ecstatic. This elation is something Margot has never seen before in him. His fear is gone, almost as if another man has emerged. Now Margot feels something she has never felt, fear that she is losing control. Francis continues in his newfound exhilaration over the hunt, even facing a wounded, charging bull. But this is the last thing he will ever do; his dear Margot

sees to that. She ends his short life in one white-hot, blinding flash. He is dead.

Is it an accident or has she ended the one thing she has begun to fear? That is a question Hemingway leaves to his reader. There is no question about Margot though, Hemingway has made his point clear: Margot Macomber is the typical selfish, uncaring woman.

Rebecca Cliburne



Loving You

I can say I love you
over and over...
But can I really mean it more or less
Than when I first spoke those words?

For the first time I meant it
With all my heart and soul,
I could see no wrong in you;
My very existence depended on you.

Now, I see your weaknesses,
I try so hard to deal with them?
If I must, I want to be able to live without you,
Even though I do love you.

My love for you is like
A child's delight in a new discovery of life.
I'm happy just being with you,
With your sparkling eyes that hide so much.

I don't want to be lost in love,
Blinded by dreams and fantasies
Of how our love should be.
But, I can't ask for your love in return.

I can love you for what you are,
Not hoping for what you can't be.
If loving you means letting you go,
Start walking but don't look back.

Robyn Jane Roberts

Hearts

Hearts are
lonely, sad,
happy, joyful,
together, apart,
dragged around;
but mostly,
hearts mean love.

Bigi Malsbury

My Heart Holds A Secret

If you looked into my diary
You wouldn't find it there.
There'd be only tear-stained gapes
And vows that I did not care.

If you looked through all my papers
You'd find nothing at all,
'Cause the pages that you're looking for,
Where lost, I don't recall.

If you had looked into my eyes
You would have found it there.
The moment for that came much too late
And now these eyes are bare.

The time has passed for you to know
My love as it was then.
My heart holds its secret well.
And I? I must pretend.

Becky Stewart

My Bill

How do I describe Bill? Do I tell you he reminds me of a surfer on his board, just as the ocean? Perhaps I should tell you how his hair curls around his neck when he needs a haircut, how his eyes sparkle when he is happy or when he is glad that I am with him. Then his arms come up behind me and wrap me in a bear hug. He is tender and sweet; he spoils me, cares for me. For me, his strong hands build furniture--bed, dressers, cabinets, he makes them all. He is a man to whom shaping the future comes easy. He is quiet; he listens. His answers are all thought out before he speaks; then he waits for answers. He skis and swims, boats, and fishes. His dream is one day to run a charter boat. He has the sound of Jimmy Buffett and the sounds of the Beach Boys in him. Bill is summer and no winter for me, the endless summer. He is the surf, the salt air, the breeze off the water, the shells, the sand, the sunsets. The ocean calls to him, but he is mine.

Melanie Cole

Heroes

We as human beings tend to fall into occasional mental ruts; the entire world is treating us so rudely and we begin to feel sorry for ourselves. Anything that can go wrong, goes wrong-- the telephone has been disconnected because the bill was not paid on time, the Internal Revenue Service wants to audit the family income tax returns, traffic is so jammed that making it to work on time is impossible, and topping it all off, the family housedog has a case of diarrhea, - until from the sea of many faces arises one of the few. Lightening the burden, banishing the self-pity, and inspiring the soul, a hero arrives on the scene to stem the tide.

Now this hero may not be the average, everyday working man, but then again, he may be just that. Throughout man's history heroes have ranged from the well-known extroverts, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to the seldom-heard-of introverts in the mold of Portugee Phillips, frontiersman. The hero stands out because of an innate sense of right and wrong and a conviction to defend what he feels is right. This unique quality bridges the gap existing between his personality and our own. He becomes a hero to us because he has come to grips with a situation, made a determined stand, and no longer is common in the eyes of the world.

When we examine the bare facts, the hero may appear to be a dolt. He often sacrifices material benefits while the average "run-of-the-mill" villain greedily takes anything he can get. Both feel justified, and the hero's reward is on a higher plain. But just what is his reward? He is deemed a fool by many who consider the villain not to be nasty, but rather opportunistic. Ralph Waldo Emerson's standard "The heroic soul does not sell its justice and nobleness" seems archaic and outwardly the hero appears to be rusting around the helmet.

But wait a minute, let us investigate the rust. If it indeed is rust, it is the rust of the sacred age of chivalry. Once there was a time when all men made decisions with a sense of moral commitment to decency. There are many types of heroes today because everyone has varying values, but all heroes through time have made this commitment to what is right. Heroes are the rusty few now. To some, these heroes are foolish; to others, they are what legends are made of.

Emerson once said, "A hero is no braver than an ordinary man, but he is brave five minutes longer." The few heroes generate hope in our lives by hearing testimony to the fact of what one man can accomplish. A need for self-identification surface from the depths of our mind and soul as the cry "I want to be like him" resounds. The

example set by this special nobody of a hero has appealed to us and can unite people of assorted backgrounds and views into a concerted effort because of their need for association with an ideal. Much can be accomplished as a result of this union. In "five minutes" more the hero has fulfilled a need and in doing so has made a great unifying contribution to society.

The consummate goal of the hero is service rather than worldly success. In the end he may be wealthy or bankrupt, exalted or common, victorious or defeated, but never forgotten and always respected because someone cared enough to want to be like him, the greatest compliment one human could pay another.

Eric Storm



The Oswalts

I sit and hear stories told
of how things used to be;
My mind floods with images of
stately majesty.

Gardens filled with roses
of every shade and hue
like jewels in a crown
shining in the dew.

Drifting down dogwood paths
across grassy knolls
groomed by loving
hands, so the stories go.

Such a place of beauty fair,
how sad to think it gone;
though weeds intangle here,
memories linger on.

David Kyzar

My Front Porch

My front porch is a great place. Although the porch is quite small, it is huge in the memories it holds. Whenever I think of home, the porch is the first thing I see. A picture of our whole family sitting around the porch is one of the most beautiful thoughts in the world.

My front porch is a quiet place. Whenever a moment alone is needed, the most difficult of problems seem to fade while I enjoy the beauty and quiet from this magnificent spot. Many laughs have been cried and many tears have been relieved while confiding on the front porch.

The front porch seems to represent a certain amiability. It has seen many visitors come and many friends go. The front porch is the threshold to a quite warm and relaxing place, home.

The beauty seen from the front porch is everlasting. For every season, there are its own special qualities. The front porch is a great place to be before the most violent of spring storms, with the trees swaying and the dark clouds rolling in. An even more staggering sight is a quiet winter morning with a blanket of snow covering the ground. All this and more is seen from a very special, very quiet, and very small part of the world, my front porch.

Clyde Wylie

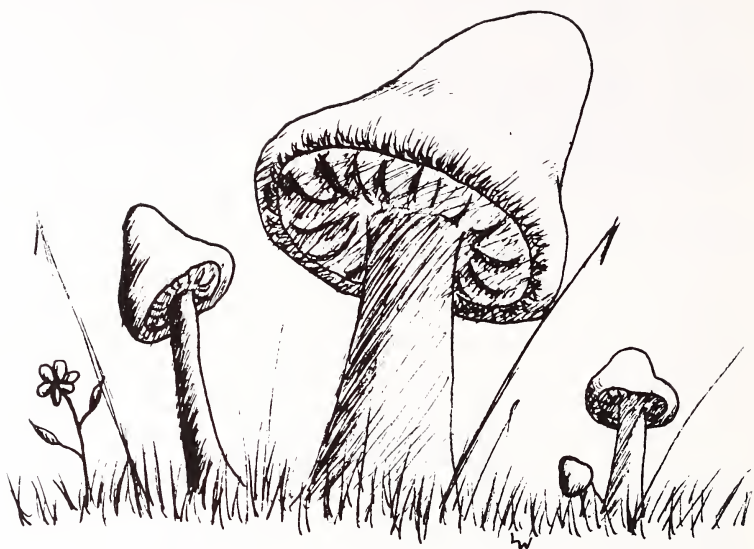
Nature, My Helpful Companion

Even though I was the oldest daughter in my family, I was never in the kitchen learning how to cook. Instead, my mother would find me outside following my daddy as he performed his chores around the farm. On other days I would be throwing rocks in the small creek that flowed behind our house. I felt a special closeness to nature, just as I feel today. Back then nature was my friend and medicine for my tired and confused mind.

When I reached the age of twelve, my folks decided it would be all right for my sister and me to ride our horses to the Homochitto River; a journey of about a mile and a half from home. There were those times when a disappointment or problem would arise, and I would slip away from my sister in order to be alone. In my solitude, I enjoyed the sights and sounds of nature-- the tall straight pine, the blooming wild azalea, the sunlight dancing on the water, the singing of the birds, the chattering of the squirrels, the calling of the bobwhite, the sound of the water rippling over the rocks, and the occasional snort of a deer when startled. I was a worshipper of nature-- a lover of the meadows and woods.

By surrounding myself in the quiet beauty of nature, I was able to think through my problem and put it in the proper perspective. This was the solution to my problems then, and I can still use this method today. I live in a rat race world in which I am surrounded by all types of noise. Too much noise can cloud my mind and jumble *up* my thoughts to the point that I can't seem to put my ideas into a workable solution. The television, telephone, neighbors, job, church, civic organizations, and hobbies all seem to barge in on my personal life. When problems get me down I seem to have no place in which to think without being disturbed. At those times, nature can lend me a helping hand.

I just surround myself in her quiet beauty alone for one hour. I take nothing with me that might distract me from observing the sights and sounds of the country side. I just look and listen. Slowly I can begin to arrange my thoughts. A good place for me to start is to visualize just how small an individual is compared to the size of the earth. I make the mistake of getting wrapped up in myself and forget how many generations have gone on before me. When I am able to bring myself down a peg or two, my problems will also shrink. In this quiet solitude my mind is refreshed. New thoughts and solutions replace the hopeless attitude in which I came.



I also use the devices of photographs, paintings, and pictures of nature to help get me through the day. On my job, it is not possible to leave and go for a quick hike in the country. Since this is not possible, scenes of nature assist in getting me through the day in a more peaceful mood. As I look into a scene of nature, I visualize myself sitting under that tall straight pine, listening to the whippoorwill call in the late afternoon. I lose myself in my thoughts for a few short minutes. Quickly I find myself strangely confronted, refreshed, and filled with pleasure.

For me, just being outside is great therapy. Not being confined within walls gives me an uplifted feeling of complete freedom. The cool gentle breeze blowing softly on my face is a feeling hard to describe. It's almost as if nature herself is brushing her hand on my face and saying, "Don't cry. Everything is going to be all right." What better medicine than to have a friend dry your tears.

Charlotte Jones

The Rock

It was a Monday afternoon and Tom Johnston was walking home from Gilbert High, where he now attended school. It had been raining most of the day and had recently stopped.

Tom loved to be outside after a good rain. The air had a sweet smell and was always clean: birds and squirrels were flying and running about. There was just a certain serenity after a rain. He would sometimes walk for hours and hours, not going anywhere, just enjoying life and its peacefulness.

Tom was an average size boy for his age, sixteen. He had always been a "good kid": he never smoked, never drank, never cursed, never got into any trouble, and very seldom got into fights. He never got into sports much, since he wasn't big, not mean enough to play football, wasn't good enough to play basketball, and baseball bored him. He had always been shy when it came to making new friends, especially girls. Now here he was in a new city, with strange faces and no friends.

The rain was about the only thing he liked about his new home. He had just moved to Houston from New York City, and he wasn't adjusting easily. All the kids at school were constantly making fun of him, causing him to always be gauche and insecure. It seemed to make them happy to make someone else sad. They laughed at him because of the way he talked, the way he dressed, the way he wore his hair, even the way he ate. This was hard for him to accept. Why do they not like me? Why don't they want to know about New York? He asked himself these questions over and over, but no verdict.

He thought back to when he was in New York and a new kid came to school and how they treated him. It was wonderful; everyone wanted to get to know him and was curious to learn where he came from and what it was like, but not here. He was approaching the end of Songbird Street when he heard the sound of a car coming from behind him. He had no friends and really had no reason to turn around and see who it was. There was no one he cared to see. In a few minutes he would be wishing he had turned around. As the car was about to pass him someone yelled, "Kill the Yankee." Tom then turned around quickly to see Jack Simpson driving the car and two of his buddies hanging out the windows, reared back to throw something at him.

Jack was the head of "the gang" at school. He was unusually large for his age. He stood six two and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was a jock all the way. He played on all the school teams

and was first string on most. He set the fads, dress codes, and hair styles for all male students. He also decided what was cool and what was not. If he did not like something, neither did anybody else. Everyone worshipped him. They tried to talk like him, dress like him, even walk like him. He was their leader.

The boys in the car let loose and started throwing eggs, hitting him everywhere, oozing down his entire body. He was humiliated; his face was bright red except for the part the eggs now covered. He was becoming furious. He picked up the first rock he saw and hurled it toward the moving car. The rock entered the rear window with a crash.

Jack brought the car to a screeching halt around the corner, jumped out and was heading toward Tom. Tom's body instantly filled with fear. What have I done, he thought as he frantically backed away from the half-crazed boy who was running toward him.

He was hit by the car and knocked to the ground. Mrs. Wilson, who lived on the corner, had heard all the commotion and had come running out of her house. She saw Jack lying in the street and let out a scream, "Oh, my God." She then ran quickly to her house and phoned an ambulance. When the ambulance arrived they wasted no time getting Jack on his way to Jefferson Medical.

Jack's two passengers, who later identified themselves as Luke and Sam, were in a state of shock. They could not believe what had happened, yet their friend was on his way to the hospital and badly hurt.

Tom could care less what was happening to Jack or how he was, but something within him forced him toward the hospital.

The doctor had a very deep look on his face and began asking Tom questions. Have you known Jack very long? Are you very good friends? Tom answered no to both questions. Then the news came out. Jack had cracked his skull severely, causing his brain to cease functioning. He had died twenty minutes earlier.

Tom stood up, thanked the doctor, and started home. He saw nothing but his feet all the way home. He kept repeating to himself, "Why? Why? Why? Why did this have to happen? If only I had not thrown that rock, perhaps then..."

Mike DeVilbiss

The Bear and the Eagle

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there used to be a beautiful lush, green forest nestled around the base of a rocky mountain known as Mt. World. Inhabiting the forest were shy, gentle creatures-- squirrels, rabbits, and a couple of deer. They were all lorded over and dominated by a tyrannical creature known as the Bear. He was a giant monster, standing a full height well over eight feet. Black as coal was he, with red, evil eyes. The brute's teeth were long and white, razor-sharp and wicked; his claws were hard and strong, well-adapted to tearing at the earth or tree stumps, or at anyone who might oppose him. He had a quick temper and his rages were frequent and ferocious, flaring at anyone who did not submit to his will. The Bear was a mighty bully who feared no one except the great Eagle of the mountain.

The Eagle was a magnificent and majestic bird of prey. His body was broad and muscled, with a total wingspan of twelve feet. The head of this marvelous bird was sleek and silver, and his eyes were golden, quick, and keen at spotting even the tiniest movement. His talons were sharp and powerful, able to lift up to three times his weight. The Eagle's people were quick-witted and independent mountain goats, and he ruled his subjects fairly and justly. The goats were very vocal about any complaints they had and each one had ideas on how to improve Mt. World, but the Eagle listened to one and all patiently and gave just consideration to anything they said. The great bird was kind and compassionate, never failing to defend and shelter any helpless creature that managed to escape to Mt. World. He was afraid of nothing or no one except the awesome Bear of the forest.

The Bear and the Eagle, the two most powerful creatures in the area of Mt. World, had good reason to fear each other. The Bear hated the Eagle because he defended escapees and because the forest creatures were constantly trying to slip over onto the mountain. The Eagle hated the Bear for his tyranny and his bullying domination of the helpless animals of the forest. Each wanted to take over and rule the other's domain, but they were matched in power and strength and both feared the outcome of an open, equal fight. So the Eagle watched the Bear, and the Bear watched the Eagle, and both hoped to catch the other off-guard. They also watched themselves, fearing a slip-up that would give the other an advantage. The two enemies waited, and watched, and prepared for the inevitable confrontation, but neither wanted to jump in and openly attack the other.

The two foes would often meet on neutral ground to talk out their differences in the interests of peace. However, the underlying purpose of these meetings was to feel out each other's strengths and weaknesses. The two animals sensed this purpose in each other, so their guards were up high, their words carefully chosen, and their strengths subtly flaunted. The close of the meetings was always fraught with hidden anger and disguised hatred, although each showed the other a mock courtesy.

One fateful day such a meeting was in progress. Unknown to either the Bear or the Eagle, a very frightened and lost rabbit had wandered into the meeting place and was hidden in the grass almost under the Eagle's talons. The huge bird took a nervous step forward and accidentally placed a talon on top of the rabbit. The poor terrified creature exploded in a fit of fear, and the startled Eagle leaped up and toward the Bear. The Bear never saw the rabbit, and perceived the Eagle's leap as the launch of an attack. He rushed in to meet the Eagle head on, and with a mighty clash the dreaded war was in progress.

The impact of the head-on collision stunned both animals. The Bear was the first to recover his senses and with a mighty roar grabbed for the Eagle. The bird's quick instincts saved him, enabling him to take flight before the Bear's claws could get a good hold on him. The claws raked the Eagle's sides, who screamed in anger and pain and dived at the Bear with talons extended. The Bear met the Eagle's talons with bared fangs. The talons caught and ripped, baring the Bear's shoulder to the bone. With crushing force the Bear's teeth locked onto the Eagle's wing, and the delicate bones snapped. Tearing his wing out of the Bear's mouth, the Eagle clung to the Bear's wounded shoulder and began to rip and tear at anything within his beak's reach. The Bear roared in pain and swatted at the Eagle. Unable to reach him this way, the Bear backed up to a nearby tree and attempted to rub his enemy off his shoulder. Quick as a flash, the Eagle jumped onto a branch and began to climb up the tree. Maddened by pain and frustration, the Bear began to roar and shake the tree. The Eagle reached the top and waited.

Unable to see his hated enemy, the Bear ran into the clearing and stretched up to his full height, looking for the Eagle in the tree. With a piercing scream, the Eagle launched himself into the air and, using his good wing to guide him, plummeted straight down at the Bear. Not expecting this move, the Bear was unable to react fast enough, and the Eagle's talons met his soft and unprotected belly. The impact staggered the Bear back, and with all his remaining strength the Eagle ripped and tore at the Bear's vital organs. Clawing frantically at the

Eagle, the Bear tried desperately to stop the fatal attack but the Eagle was impervious to his raking and slashing. Howling in pain and in terror of the death that now had him in its grip, the Bear toppled backwards. The force of his fall knocked his last breath of life out of him, and he lay still, awesome in death as he was in life, his mortal enemy locked in his arms in a death-hold.

Blood-soaked and mortally wounded, the Eagle struggled out of the Bear's claws as the mountain goats gathered around their beloved leader. The little forest creatures watched sorrowfully behind the ring of goats as the majestic bird struggled to lift his proud head one last time. His last words to them were, "Justice...justice has...Triumphed..." As he sighed his last breath and as his sight began to dim, those keen golden eyes saw, far away, a bear cub and an eaglet.

Lisa Phillips



The Tooth Tycoon

When I was four year old, I slammed a car door on my thumb. I had a real knack for accidents back then. I could be shut up in a padded cell with nothing but a Slinky for amusement and hurt myself before I got out. All my toys had to be made of foam rubber. A friend let me play with his Tonka bulldozer once out of sympathy, and I almost mutilated myself with it. I never got off a bicycle without having to go for stiches. There was a root sticking out of the ground under the old oak tree we used to play under which I stumped my toe on every single day for six straight years. Finally my parents refused to even allow me out of the house. They bought me a parakeet to keep me company while I stayed in all day. He turned out to be one of a rare killer species and attacked me one morning while I was feeding him. Thrity-seven stiches.

But getting back to slamming the car door on my thumb; this was one of my more common accidents. I got out of the car with my grandmother who was just about two seconds too late when she said "Careful not to close the door on your little fingers, Sonny." As I said, she was just about two seconds too late. With a move that only a total klutz could have made, I managed to get my thumb in the jamb just as the door was slamming shut.

After doing several flips that a gymnist would have envied, I finally got settled down enough for Grandma to have a look at the thumb. She feared it was broken, and so I was rushed to the doctor where it took two nurses to hold me still while he cut off the severed nail and wrapped my badly bruised but unbroken thumb. The doctor gave me the nail to keep. I guess he though I might like to show it around at parties and amaze my friends with terrific stories about how I had lost it.

But I, being more business-minded than a weaver-of-tall-tales-type, had other plans for the thumbnail. Upon going to bed that night, I slipped it under my pillow and laid back to wait for the tooth fairy. After all, I reasoned, anyone silly enough to barter good, cold, hard cash for something as impractical and useless--not to mention nasty--as a rotten tooth could, doubtless, be conned into taking a shattered thumbnail, too.

When I awoke the following morning and looked under my pillow, I couldn't believe my eyes, because instead of the mere nichel or dime which my rotten teeth usually earned there was a whole dollar lying there on the covers. That tooth fairy was an even bigger sucker that I had figured him for. As I sat there fingering the crisp new bill and thinking what a really stupid jerk the tooth fairy was, there

came to me the most fantastic idea I'd hever had. "What a great way to make money!" I thought. I could lay all my nails and teeth off on that dumb character and make a fortune. Though the idea of running around with my pockets full of crisp new dollar bills did. After all it wasn't as if I really needed the nails. They served no essential purpose that I could think of. And as for the teeth, well, the solution there was simple. Since I would need a few of them for eating purposes, I would simply time it so that I would lose them gradually, a molar here and a molar there over a period of time so I would always have enough of them to get by.

Then it occurred to me that there wasn't any rule which said that it had to be my teeth and nails that went under the pillow. They could be anyone's! I could bring in disembodied teeth and nails from all over and lay them off on that stupid fairy character at a sizeable profit. As the idea grew so did my imagination. I'd incorporate and expand. I'd have scouts and buyers at every corner of the globe. Wherever there were fist fights and high accident rates, I'd have an employee there to gather up the knocked-out teeth and shattered nails and ship them to me. I'd corner the market. I'd have a monopoly. I'd be rich I could buy all the bubble gum and baseball cards I wanted. I could buy all of anything I wanted. Of course, I'd need a bigger pillow to get all that stuff under, but that was no problem.

I rushed from the room to tell Mom about my plan. I found her standing over the stove in the kitchen; I blurted out the whole ingenious scheme. I took it for granted that they'd want a piece of the action, and after all, they were my parents. I finished and stood there with a John D. Rockefeller smile on my face, gasping for breath.

Mom blinked at me, confused for a moment. Then with some pain she said, "There is no fairy character."

"What?" I screamed.

"Tooth Fairy," she corrected herself. "There is no Tooth-Fairy."

"No tooth fairy."

I stood there in disbelief while she told me the whold story. All about creeping into kid's rooms in the middle of the night; the pretended surprise the next morning when the kid proudly displayed the money; the whole deceptive bit. I couldn't believe it. Not that there was no tooth fairy. That I could believe. It was too good to be true, anyway. What I couldn't believe was that I was going to be out all that money.

Oh well, there's still Santa Claus!

Andy White

After All

The coat hanger lay on the floor
In a pool of blood
On the plush beige carpet.

He had said she would
If she loved him
And she had loved him
So she allowed him to infest her body
With his illegitimate seed.
After all, he loved her, too.

The hanger still lay on the floor
As she pulled her
Blood-drenched body off the bed.

He had said if she got
In trouble
He'd help her out of it.
So, she believed him
And trusted him totally;
After all, he loved her.

She staggered toward the bath
Weak from the loss of blood
Amazed at the pain in her bloody womb.

He had said he'd do-
The right thing
But after she told him
Of his own seed
He'd run off to a new life.
She understood
After all, she loved him.

Her womb turned numb
As she once again lay on the bed
Looking at the lost life
In the puddle beside her.

He had said he loved her;
He had said he'd help her.
The time passed quickly
As did her short naive life
But, after all, he loved her.

Belynda Ballard

